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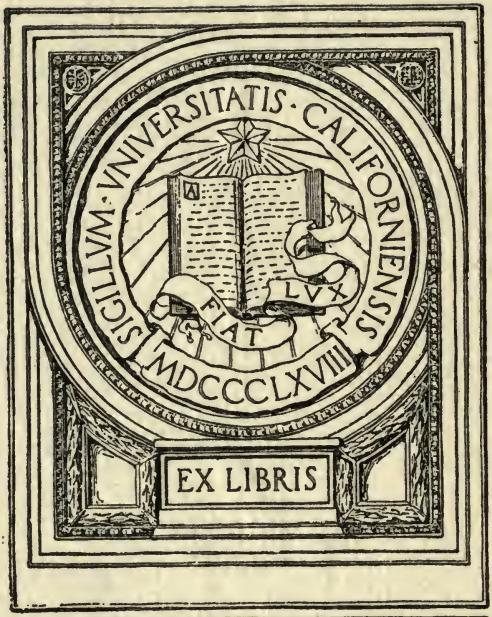
*American Dramatists Series*

# Two Plays

## Nothing Else to Do—Caught

Morris M. Townley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*American Dramatists Series*

# TWO PLAYS

NOTHING ELSE TO DO—CAUGHT

BY

MORRIS M. TOWNLEY

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# NOTHING ELSE TO DO

*A Play in Three Acts*

## *CAST*

THE GOVERNOR.
MARJORIE—HIS DAUGHTER.
JANE—HIS SISTER.
BOB ALLEN—U. S. DISTRICT ATTORNEY.
COUNT ORSINI.
JOE HOPPER—SECRET SERVICE.
THERESA LUGIONI.
ARRAZO.
JENKINS.
POLICEMEN.

# Nothing Else To Do

## *ACT I*

*Library of the Governor's residence. Evening. Present, the Governor and Jane. The Governor is in an easy chair under the table lamp. He is reading the evening paper. Jane sits on the opposite side of the table reading a book. The Governor puts aside the paper and breaks the silence.*

GOVERNOR—(*With a sigh of relief.*) You don't know how good it seems to be spending a quiet evening at home—with no politics and no politicians.

JANE—You have had a hard time of it, John. And to think that the people, who most approve the things which you have accomplished, are unable to vote for your re-election.

GOVERNOR—One of your witticisms, Jane?

JANE—Not at all. Don't you know that it's the *women* who most appreciate your having reduced the price of gas and water and such things?

GOVERNOR—Do you think so—now I never thought of that.

JANE—Doubtless you would have thought of it, if the women voted for governor.

GOVERNOR—Yes—no doubt—no doubt—too bad

they don't. You know you've reformed me on that subject. I don't know whether it's because you've convinced me as a matter of principle, or whether it's because you always tell me the women are unanimous in approving my policies. You ought to be in politics yourself, Jane.

JANE—Perhaps I shall be some day.—And probably your daughter will be, even if I am not.

GOVERNOR—Why do you say that?

JANE—First, because she's her father's daughter, and second, because she is a product of the new womanhood.

GOVERNOR—I understand you've been making a new woman of her. We'll see what comes of it. By the by—where is Marjorie now?

JANE—She will be down presently. She is dressing for the theatre.

GOVERNOR—With whom is she going?

JANE—Count Orsini.

GOVERNOR—She sees too much of that chap, I think.

JANE—Why do you dislike him?

GOVERNOR—Prejudice possibly. I confess I know very little against him. But I would much rather that Marjorie saw more of Bob Allen, and less of this Count Orsini.

JANE—I fear that you are not proceeding very skilfully to bring about that result.

GOVERNOR—What do you mean?

JANE—You show too plainly to Marjorie your preference for Bob. You know that sort of thing is apt to do Bob more harm than good.

GOVERNOR—Perhaps you're right. What would you advise?

JANE—If you wish Marjorie to care for Bob, why don't you allow her to become interested in the things in which he is interested?

GOVERNOR—What do you mean?

JANE—Just this—Bob, like yourself, is a lawyer with political tastes. Marjorie, as you know, is possessed with the desire to study law, and to take an interest in public affairs. If you would allow her to do as she wishes, I think she would have much more reason to be interested in Bob, and much less time to be interested in Count Orsini.

GOVERNOR—I don't follow you there. And besides, you know that I am opposed to Marjorie's studying law.

JANE—Why?

GOVERNOR—I suppose I haven't any good reasons as far as my personal views go. But as long as I am governor, I have to take account of public opinion, and you know the public opinion of this State is very conservative, particularly where women are concerned.

JANE—John, you ought to be ashamed of your-

self. It is past my understanding that a man who has the fine courage to advocate some of your legislation should be afraid to conduct his own household according to his own convictions.

GOVERNOR—It isn't as bad as all that, Jane.

JANE—It's worse than that. The fact is that you are sacrificing Marjorie's wishes, and perhaps her future happiness, simply to save yourself the annoyance of being unjustly criticized.

GOVERNOR—It's most uncomfortable to argue with you, Jane. You always seem to have the best of it.

(*Marjorie enters.*)

MARJORIE—Talking about me—you two?

GOVERNOR—Yes—you caught us in the act.

MARJORIE—Confessed criminals.

GOVERNOR—What shall be our punishment?

MARJORIE—This. (*She kisses him.*)

GOVERNOR—Too light to fit the crime. How charming you look!

MARJORIE—Do you like my dress?

GOVERNOR—Wonderful—I only regret that you are wearing it for a younger admirer.

MARJORIE—What an old flirt you are! How I should like to have known you when you were twenty-five!

JANE—You may be sure that he was quite a beau in those days.

MARJORIE—I've no doubt of it. Probably his youth was a trail of broken hearts. Wasn't it, Daddy?

(*Enter Jenkins.*)

JENKINS—Mr. Allen is calling.

MARJORIE—Ask him to come in.

(*Exit Jenkins.*)

GOVERNOR—I'll leave him to you, Marjorie. I have some work in the study. Tell him I'd like to see him before he goes.

(*Exit the Governor.*)

(*A moment later enter Bob Allen.*)

BOB—Good evening, Miss Burton, how are you? Hello, Marjorie—all dressed up, aren't you? Must be going somewhere.

MARJORIE—Yes, I'm going to the theatre.

BOB—I'm sorry.

MARJORIE—So am I.

BOB—I'll have to console myself talking politics to the Governor.

MARJORIE—(*Smiling.*) You'd rather do that anyway, Bob.

BOB—You know better than that. But I will say that politics is mighty interesting these days. Re-election promises all sorts of excitement.

JANE—If you two are going to talk politics, I'll take my book to the Governor's study. I've heard so much of it lately that I positively can't stand

another word. By the way, Bob, the Governor wants to see you before you go.

BOB—Tell him I'll be in to see him presently. (*Jane goes.*)

MARJORIE—Dad's going to win, isn't he?

BOB—Of course he is—but it's going to be a bitter fight—particularly with Public Utilities in the opposition.

MARJORIE—Has the Company so much power?

BOB—Quite a bit—you see they own practically all of the water and gas and power plants in the State. And you may be sure that they are going to use all of the power they have to prevent your Dad from being re-elected.

MARJORIE—Why are they so bitter against him?

BOB—Don't you remember that his pet legislation reduced their rates and cut down their dividends? Let's talk of something else.

MARJORIE—Very well—anything you like.

BOB—Then we will talk of you. So you are going to the theatre tonight?

MARJORIE—Yes.

BOB—May I ask with whom?

MARJORIE—Orsini.

BOB—(*Smiling.*) My deadly rival?

MARJORIE—Wasn't it Balzac who said that the pretense of jealousy was the most subtle form of flattery?

BOB—But you see I am really jealous.

MARJORIE—Are you?

BOB—Dreadfully.

MARJORIE—You don't seem very mournful over it.

BOB—That would be so unbecoming.

MARJORIE—I like you for that, Bob. I never saw you otherwise than good humored. I think you would be cheerful in heaven.

BOB—I fear I shall never be put to that test—particularly when the only angel I know refuses me.

MARJORIE—Of course you mean me?

BOB—Naturally.

MARJORIE—But I haven't.

BOB—You did.

MARJORIE—Temporarily.

BOB—Then—

MARJORIE—Until I prove myself worthy of you.

BOB—Worthy—how foolish.

MARJORIE—It is not foolish. You know very well that what I most want is to study law and prepare myself to do something worth while. When I have accomplished that, perhaps I may be worthy of you.

BOB—Well, Marjorie, when are you going to begin to make yourself worthy of me?

MARJORIE—I'd begin tomorrow, if Daddy would let me. Why don't you talk to him, Bob? Perhaps

he'd consent if you asked him to.

BOB—I'll talk to him, if you like—but you know the Governor has a mind of his own.

MARJORIE—Yes, but he thinks so much of you, and now that you're the United States District Attorney, he has no end of respect for your opinion. And shall I tell you something else?

BOB—Yes.

MARJORIE—He's dying for you to marry me.

BOB—Do you mean it, Marjorie?

MARJORIE—Of course I do—but I wont—until

BOB—Until—

MARJORIE—Until I prove myself worthy of you —Here comes Daddy now.

(*The Governor enters.*)

GOVERNOR—Hello, Bob—I'm so glad you're here. I've something to show you.

BOB—What is it?

GOVERNOR—A letter which just came by special delivery.

BOB—Who from?

GOVERNOR—I don't know. It's anonymous.

MARJORIE—How exciting!

BOB—What sort?

GOVERNOR—Downright commanding sort. Tells me to get out of the race for re-election or somebody will expose the secrets of my past life.

MARJORIE—Disgusting!

GOVERNOR—(*Producing letter.*) Look it over, Bob, and see what you make of it.

MARJORIE—May I look, Daddy?

GOVERNOR—Of course.

(*Bob and Marjorie examine letter.*)

GOVERNOR—Who do you suppose would write that sort of thing?

BOB—Some of the politicians we've been fighting, I suppose.

GOVERNOR—You mean the Utility crowd.

BOB—Yes.

GOVERNOR—They would have too much sense to expect to accomplish anything by such means.

BOB—(*Smiling.*) Perhaps they have discovered some of your early indiscretions, Governor.

MARJORIE—Daddy never had any early indiscretions—had you—old dear?

(*Pause.*)

GOVERNOR—I should really like to know who sent that letter.

MARJORIE—(*Brightening.*) I tell you—let's find out who wrote it and have Bob send him to prison. It's blackmail, isn't it?

GOVERNOR—I don't know—is it, Bob?

BOB—Pretty good guess, Marjorie—you *should* be a lawyer and no mistake. But how are you going to find out who wrote it? It's all typewritten, you see.

MARJORIE—I read somewhere that every typewriter has an infirmity, and that no two are alike. Let's look at the letter again. Wait, I'll get the glass.

(*She takes a magnifying glass from the table drawer and examines the letter under the lamp.*)

MARJORIE—Look, Bob—here are two capital *A's* above the level of the other letters—that's something, isn't it?

BOB—You're right, Marjorie—let's see what else we can find.

MARJORIE—This letter *i* is tilted slightly to the right—here's another the same way—look.

(*Bob takes the glass and looks.*)

BOB—It certainly is—and here's another the same way—and here's a letter *f* tilted the other way—we're discovering things, Governor.

GOVERNOR—So it seems, but how are you going to find out who wrote it?

BOB—I don't know yet—but it's worth trying.

(*Enter Jenkins.*)

JENKINS—Count Orsini is calling.

MARJORIE—O dear—now I suppose I shall have to go—just when I am so interested in the letter.

BOB—Never mind, Marjorie, you and I will get to the bottom of this letter yet.

MARJORIE—(*To Jenkins.*) Ask the Count to come in.

(*Exit Jenkins.*)

GOVERNOR—I'm off to the study, Bob. Come in after Marjorie goes, and we'll finish our talk there. Good night, Marjorie.

MARJORIE—(*Kissing him.*) Good night, Daddy.

(*Exit Governor; then enter Orsini.*)

MARJORIE—Good evening, Count.

ORSINI—Good evening, Miss Burton—and how are you, Mr. Allen.

BOB—Very well, thank you.

ORSINI—(*To Bob.*) Miss Burton is very charming tonight, is she not?

BOB—(*Tolerantly.*) Yes, indeed—I was just saying so.

MARJORIE—(*To Orsini.*) Is it not time for the theatre?

ORSINI—It is just eight.

MARJORIE—Then we must stay only a moment.

ORSINI—I am at your service, always.

MARJORIE—To what theatre are we going?

ORSINI—To the one which was named after you.

MARJORIE—Which is that?

ORSINI—The Princess.

BOB—The Count is most subtle.

MARJORIE—He has the subtlety of a serpent.

ORSINI—You flatter me, Miss Burton. You know the serpent is the symbol of temptation.

BOB—Should you like to impersonate temptation?

ORSINI—What man would not?

MARJORIE—I thought that was a feminine role—created by Eve, wasn't it?

BOB—Yes, but the men found it so attractive that they decided to play it themselves, eh Count?

ORSINI—I think rather the women concluded that the part was unbecoming to them.

BOB—And then the *men* found it so particularly becoming to *them.*

MARJORIE—Well, I notice that when anyone is to be blamed, the men still point their finger at poor old Eve.

BOB—That they do—we're an ungallant lot, Marjorie.

MARJORIE—Having made you admit that, the Count and I must be off to the theatre. Good night, Bob.

BOB—Good night to you both.

ORSINI—Good night, Mr. Allen.

(*Marjorie and Orsini go. Enter Jenkins.*)

JENKINS—Mr. Hopper is calling—I beg pardon, sir, I thought the Governor was here.

BOB—He's in his study, Jenkins. I'm just going there. Show the gentleman in here, and I'll tell the Governor. What's the name, did you say?

JENKINS—Mr. Hopper, sir.

(*Bob goes. Jenkins shows in Mr. Hopper. A moment later the Governor enters.*)

HOPPER—Good evening, Governor.

GOVERNOR—Good evening, Mr. Hopper—sit down.

HOPPER—(*Doing so.*) Thank you. I called to give you the result of my investigation.

GOVERNOR—Yes.

HOPPER—I have made some inquiries and have personally kept watch of Count Orsini for the past week. His life seems to be altogether idle and irregular. He lives in a furnished apartment at 67 Elm Street. An Italian man servant lives with him. He rarely leaves his apartment before 11 in the morning. He spends more or less time at the Down Town Club, where he is a non-resident member. He seems to have very few friends among men. At any rate he seldom associates with men. He is frequently in the society of your daughter. Of course, you know that.

GOVERNOR—Yes—they are together tonight.

HOPPER—I know. Then there is one other young woman he sees frequently—more frequently than anyone in fact. She is of a very different type from your daughter. Their meetings usually take place at the Count's apartment.

GOVERNOR—His mistress?

HOPPER—No doubt.

GOVERNOR—Who is she?

HOPPER—I have been unable to learn her name.

She is small and dark and has rather a foreign appearance. I would judge that she is an Italian, as he is.

GOVERNOR—What else?

HOPPER—I think that's the substance of it, for the present. If you think it important, I will endeavor to find out who the young woman is.

GOVERNOR—Yes, I should like to know.

HOPPER—Is there anything else you would like to suggest?

GOVERNOR—No—but find out her name without fail—and where she lives and with whom.

HOPPER—I will, Governor. (*Rising.*) I'll not keep you longer. Good night.

GOVERNOR—(*Also rising.*) Good night, Mr. Hopper. Thank you for coming—and I shall depend upon you to give me further particulars.

HOPPER—Thanks—I'll report as soon as possible.

(*He goes—a moment later Bob enters.*)

BOB—Excuse me, Governor, but who is the chap that just left?

GOVERNOR—A detective by the name of Hopper.

BOB—How does he happen to be here—may I ask?

GOVERNOR—I employed him to procure some confidential information for me.

BOB—Do you know who he is?

GOVERNOR—No, except that he comes from

White's agency.

BOB—Why did you go to White's?

GOVERNOR—No particular reason, except that they are supposed to be reliable.

BOB—Didn't you know they were tied up hand and foot with the Utility crowd?

GOVERNOR—No, I didn't—but what of it?

BOB—And if this Hopper is the man I take him for, he is a very skillful chap brought here by White from New York to do secret service work for Jim Sullivan, President of Public Utilities. I hope you haven't trusted him with anything important.

GOVERNOR—No, not very important—it was purely a personal matter—still—are you sure he's the man you think he is?

BOB—No—but I can find out. Say, Governor, this man couldn't have any connection with that anonymous letter—could he?

GOVERNOR—I was just thinking of that. Do you know, there's something about that letter I don't like.

BOB—What do you mean?

GOVERNOR—I'll be frank with you, Bob, because I need your advice, and besides, I feel that you are closer to me in this campaign than anyone else. Then, too, I know that I can trust you implicitly.

BOB—I think that's true, Governor.

GOVERNOR—Well, there's something about the

wording of that letter—it didn't strike me at first, but the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that the man who wrote that letter wasn't bluffing.

BOB—You mean he knows something that you don't want exposed.

GOVERNOR—Yes—I'll tell you what it is. It's a rare bit of ancient history—some of my wild oats cropping up again. The fact is that almost thirty years ago—before I was married that was—I became infatuated with a young Italian woman by the name of Theresa Lugioni. Her father at that time was Italian consul here. After our infatuation had lasted for about a year, her father returned to Italy, taking her with him. A short time after this, I met Marjorie's mother. We fell in love, became engaged, and were married within a few months. Several weeks after we were married, I had a letter from Theresa telling me that she expected a child.

BOB—How unfortunate!

GOVERNOR—Shortly after that, her father died, and she returned here. Of course, there was nothing which I could do, except to look after the mother and her little daughter. This I have done from that time to now.

BOB—They are still here?

GOVERNOR—Yes.

BOB—How many people are there who know of this?

GOVERNOR—So far as I believe—no one except the mother herself.

BOB—Not even the daughter?

GOVERNOR—I think not.

BOB—And yet you think the writer of this letter—

GOVERNOR—Either knows—or else he stumbled upon language which points squarely in that direction.

BOB—That makes it doubly important to find out who wrote the letter.

GOVERNOR—Do you think there is a chance.

BOB—I don't know. At any rate, Marjorie has given us a clue, and I am going to follow it up and see where it leads. I'm off at once, Governor, if you don't mind.

GOVERNOR—Can I do anything?

BOB—Not tonight. What did you say the woman's name was?

GOVERNOR—Theresa Lugioni.

BOB—And the daughter's name?

GOVERNOR—Theresa Lugioni—the same as her mother's.

BOB—Where do they live?

GOVERNOR—At 610 Grace Street.

BOB—Let me take the letter, will you?

GOVERNOR—(*Giving it to him.*) Here it is.

BOB—Now, good night, Governor. Don't worry about this thing—we'll get to the bottom of it somehow.

GOVERNOR—Thanks Bob—a thousand times—Good night.

(*Bob goes.*)

(*The Governor sits down in the easy chair by the table—a moment later Jane enters.*)

JANE—Where's Bob?

GOVERNOR—Just gone.

JANE—(*Sitting down.*) Then I suggest that you and I finish our talk about Marjorie.

GOVERNOR—What more is there to be said about Marjorie?

JANE—Very much. I've been studying Marjorie carefully, and I have some ideas as to what should be done about her.

GOVERNOR—I'm listening.

JANE—Marjorie is quite a strong-minded young woman, and very ambitious to do something with her life. She has decided that she wants to study law.

GOVERNOR—What made her decide that?

JANE—I don't know—I suppose because she wants something interesting to do.

GOVERNOR—But why can't she do something more feminine?

JANE—She seems to be doing something quite feminine at this time.

GOVERNOR—How so?

JANE—Isn't she indulging in the very feminine occupation of allowing Count Orsini to make love to her?

GOVERNOR—Do you really think that she's interested in that fellow?

JANE—I think she is—to some extent. Do you find him so very objectionable?

GOVERNOR—Yes, I do.

JANE—Why?

GOVERNOR—I suppose my greatest objection is his infernal laziness. He seems to have nothing which bears the slightest resemblance to a useful occupation.

JANE—Probably that's why he and Marjorie are so congenial. They both seem to be lacking in useful occupation.

GOVERNOR—The cases are entirely different. He is a man, and Marjorie is a woman.

JANE—The cases are not in the least different. We all develop under the stimulus of employment. We all stagnate in idleness. That is why so many men develop, and so many women do not.

GOVERNOR—Well, Jane, I decline to be drawn into a discussion of what you call feminism. You always have the last word on that subject. Besides,

I'm getting sleepy. (*He places his feet on a stool and sinks down comfortably into his chair.*)

JANE—But, John, don't you realize that sometime you must begin to take women seriously? Instead of discouraging Marjorie, you should be glad and proud to know that she has the ambition to want to make something of her life. Besides, there is another thing to consider—the most important of all.

GOVERNOR—What is that? (*He nods sleepily.*)

JANE—You say what you most dislike about the Count is his idleness?

GOVERNOR—Yes.

JANE—Suppose you had a son the Count's age. And suppose you permitted him to be just as idle as the Count, and gave him as much money as ever he wanted. What do you think would be the result?

GOVERNOR—I wouldn't do it.

JANE—But suppose you did—what would be the result?

GOVERNOR—(*More sleepily.*) I suppose the devil would be the result.

JANE—Exactly so. Doubtless the devil would be the result. And yet don't you realize that you are doing that very thing with Marjorie? You give her as much money as she wants, you let her do whatever she pleases, and at the same time you deny her the right to engage in any useful occupa-

tion. That would corrupt ninety per cent. of the male sex, and you know it; yet you expect Marjorie to be unaffected by it. You have no right to expect it, it isn't fair to Marjorie. You may never have thought of it, John, but it's a fact that the devil finds mischief for idle women as well as idle men. And if anything should happen to Marjorie—if she should do anything of which you might not approve —it would be your fault more than hers. Don't you realize that, John?

(*The Governor does not answer. After a pause, Jane gets up and looks at him. His head has fallen forward and he is sleeping soundly.*)

JANE—The spirit of vigilance and reason sleeps.

(*She takes a book from the table and sits down to read.*)

*CURTAIN*

## *ACT II*

*Late the next afternoon.*

*Scene—The living room of the Count's apartment. In the back is a bay window overlooking the street. On the right is a door leading to the back of the apartment. On the left, in the rear, is the entry. On the left front is a door leading to the Count's bedroom. In the front of this door is a heavy velvet portiere. Opposite this door on the right wall is a target for pistol practice. Conventional furniture, pictures, etc. There is a table, with a telephone.*

*As the curtain rises, the Count's Italian manservant enters from the right. He has on his hat and is putting on his overcoat to go out. As he is taking a final look over the room, the bell rings. He takes off his coat and hat, and goes to the door.*

ARRAZO—Ah, Signora, it is you.

THERESA—Yes, Arrazo, it is I. Is his lordsihp within?

ARRAZO—No, Signora, he is without. Furthermore, he is not expected to return, and has given me a holiday. I was departing as you arrived.

THERESA—Don't let me keep you. I will make myself at home. If his lordship does not come to me, I will steal a nap on his couch.

ARRAZO—Very good—may I not offer you something before I go?

THERESA—No, thank you. If I grow faint, I will help myself to some of your excellent wine.

ARRAZO—Signora will be most welcome. Here is the decanter on the table. And now, since you allow me, I will go to meet my friends.

THERESA—By all means.

(*Arrazo takes his hat and coat and bows himself out.*)

*Left to herself, Theresa goes into the Count's bedroom, where she leaves her hat and coat. She comes out, singing softly, and goes curiously about the room, examining everything. She is in fine spirits. When she comes to the target, she claps her hands and runs back to the Count's room. In a moment she appears at the door with a pistol, which she aims at the target and fires. There is no smoke and only a muffled noise. The shot hits the bell and Theresa gives an exclamation of pleasure. She takes back the pistol to the Count's room. She returns and continues her journey around the room. Presently she comes to the table which contains a photograph of Marjorie. She picks it up and examines it. Her singing ceases. She throws it down contemptuously. Then she goes to a mirror and looks at herself—then she laughs and sings again. She goes to the window and looks out*

*through the curtains. Suddenly her singing ceases, and she looks intently, as though following someone with her eyes. Finally the persons she has been watching come directly under the window, and her last look is followed by an exclamation of rage. She crosses the stage cautiously and disappears behind the portieres into the Count's bedroom. Presently the entrance door is opened with a key, and the Count enters, followed by Marjorie. The Count takes off his coat and hat and places them on a chair near the entry.*

MARJORIE—How dreadfully dark it seems.

ORSINI—The days are getting short. Shall I light a lamp?

MARJORIE—Not yet. Are you sure there is no one here?

ORSINI—Quite—I gave my man a holiday.

MARJORIE—Now I can see better. What an interesting place you have.

ORSINI—I find it much more interesting today than ever before.

MARJORIE—It seems very cozy and comfortable.

ORSINI—Won't you take off your hat and coat?

MARJORIE—Yes.

(*She takes them off and gives them over to the Count, who starts with them towards his room. She keeps in her hand a lady's bag.*)

ORSINI—I'll leave them in my room so that you

may never escape.

MARJORIE—Oh, no—please leave them here.

ORSINI—As the princess desires.

(*He returns and places them on a second chair near the entry.*)

What is your next wish? May I offer you a glass of wine?

MARJORIE—No, thank you—I am sufficiently intoxicated with the excitement of being here. May I look about?

ORSINI—With pleasure.

MARJORIE—(*Who has come to the target.*) Gracious—what a strange decoration.

ORSINI—That's a target for my pistol practice.

MARJORIE—Do you shoot here?

ORSINI—Every day.

MARJORIE—But your neighbors!

ORSINI—Both the other apartments are vacant—besides, I use a new powder that makes very little noise and no smoke.

MARJORIE—How curious!

ORSINI—Shall I get my pistol and give you an exhibition?

MARJORIE—Please, no—I am frightened enough as it is.

ORSINI—Why are you frightened?

MARJORIE—I have a sense of impending danger—doubtless a passing fancy. Doesn't it seem strange

that you and I should be alone here in your apartment?

ORSINI—It is very strange and very wonderful. Now I should like to stop all of the clocks in the world, and bid time stand still forever.

MARJORIE—I fear that you are more poet than philosopher.

ORSINI—Today, I know nothing of philosophy, and everything of poetry.

MARJORIE—It must be very charming to know everything of poetry.

ORSINI—When one is in love, one *feels* what one does not *know*. And my love for you makes me feel in the beating of my heart the rhythm of all the poetry in the world.

MARJORIE—Ah, Count, if the lover were always poet, what a delightful world it would be. But when he turns critic and philosopher—that's the beginning of another story.

ORSINI—But I would never turn critic or philosopher.

MARJORIE—You would some day—and I would even if you didn't. That is love's tradegy.

ORSINI—What then is love's comedy?

MARJORIE—Its existence.

ORSINI—You are a pessimist.

MARJORIE—No—only a philosopher—one of the few of my sex.

ORSINI—You're a strange creature, Marjorie—quite beyond my understanding.

MARJORIE—What about me do you not understand?

ORSINI—Why you are here, for one thing.

MARJORIE—Shall I tell you why I am here?

ORSINI—Yes.

MARJORIE—I came in search of a new game.

ORSINI—Perhaps I am stupid, but I do not understand.

MARJORIE—You see I am permitted to do nothing in this life except to play—one game after another—and I have played them over and over until I have grown tired and sick of them all.

ORSINI—So you wish to throw away the old toys and find new ones?

MARJORIE—For today—yes.

ORSINI—And that is why you came to my toy-shop?

MARJORIE—Yes.

ORSINI—What may I show to tempt the wishes of so charming a patron?

MARJORIE—What has the toy-man to offer?

ORSINI—I offer you a life's devotion.

MARJORIE—Far too serious a plaything—show me something else.

ORSINI—Tell me what you would like.

MARJORIE—I tell you I want a new game—

something quite new and very interesting.

ORSINI—But you see I do not know exactly what kind of a game you wish to find.

MARJORIE—Toy-men are very stupid people. (*A pause.*)

ORSINI—Do you like games of adventure?

MARJORIE—Of course.

ORSINI—Filled with all sorts of excitement?

MARJORIE—By all means—yes.

ORSINI—How would you like to go exploring?

MARJORIE—Capital! What shall we explore?

ORSINI—If you would, we might explore together a very distant and very wonderful place.

MARJORIE—What is its name?

ORSINI—It is called Treasure Island.

MARJORIE—Where is this Treasure Island you speak of?

ORSINI—It lies surrounded by the sea of enchantment.

MARJORIE—But how does one sail over the sea of enchantment?

ORSINI—On the ship of adventure.

MARJORIE—And what wonderful things do explorers find on this Treasure Island?

ORSINI—If one is very fortunate, one may find the last chapter of the book of knowledge.

MARJORIE—What is it about—this last chapter of the book of knowledge?

ORSINI—It is about the greatest thing in the world.

MARJORIE—Is it very interesting?

ORSINI—Yes.

MARJORIE—And quite new?

ORSINI—It is always new.

MARJORIE—And exciting?

ORSINI—Most exciting.

MARJORIE—It must be very wonderful.

ORSINI—It is the wonder of wonders.

MARJORIE—I think I should like to visit this Treasure Island.

ORSINI—Are you not afraid, Marjorie?

MARJORIE—Why should I be?

ORSINI—You know it might be a dangerous exploration. There may be pirates or bandits.

MARJORIE—I am not afraid of them; besides I suppose there is no adventure without danger.

ORSINI—Then shall we hoist our sails?

MARJORIE—First, I want you to make me a promise.

ORSINI—What is it?

MARJORIE—If you and I go together to this Treasure Island, I want you to promise me that the first exploration shall be the last.

ORSINI—What do you mean?

MARJORIE—I mean that this must be the end of it all.

ORSINI—The end of it all?

MARJORIE—Between you and me—yes.

ORSINI—Wont you marry me, Marjorie?

MARJORIE—Never—you know that.

ORSINI—And yet— (*A pause.*)

MARJORIE—Yes— (*Another pause.*)

ORSINI—Only one chapter?

MARJORIE—Only one—and after that, all the rest of the book must be torn into fragments and scattered to the four winds.

ORSINI—What is to become of the fragments, Marjorie?

MARJORIE—Some of them must be carried a great distance—even beyond the seas.

ORSINI—Then must the beginning be the end?

MARJORIE—That must be definitely understood.

ORSINI—You insist upon that?

MARJORIE—I ask your promise.

ORSINI—Beggars may not be choosers.

MARJORIE—You promise?

ORSINI—I promise.

MARJORIE—Then it is a bargain.

ORSINI—Solemn bargains are always sealed.

MARJORIE—Then our bargain shall be sealed.

ORSINI—Today?

MARJORIE—Yes.

(*He takes her in his arms and kisses her.*)

MARJORIE—(*After a pause.*) Now we are under

sail—

ORSINI—On the sea of enchantment—

MARJORIE—Aboard the good ship Adventure.

ORSINI—Bound for Treasure Island—

MARJORIE—For Treasure Island—yes.

ORSINI—How blue is the sky—

MARJORIE—Not a cloud on the horizon—

ORSINI—Nor pirate ship—

MARJORIE—Not even a solitary bandit—

ORSINI—To steal the treasure—

MARJORIE—Or frighten the explorers—

ORSINI—Or drown the spirit of adventure.

(*He draws her to him and kisses her again.*)

MARJORIE—Ah, Count—you are ever so fascinating. You have all the evidences of Italian training. You must have studied the art of making love as men in this country study business or politics.

ORSINI—Not so—Marjorie. To make love to you is nature, not art.

MARJORIE—But even nature does not attain perfection without much development. I must have had many predecessors.

ORSINI—Not one whom I have ever loved seriously.

MARJORIE—Are you sure?

ORSINI—Yes.

MARJORIE—Quite sure?

ORSINI—Quite sure.

MARJORIE—No one in the wide world?

ORSINI—No one in the wide world.

(*A noise is heard in the Count's bedroom, as though something had fallen.*)

MARJORIE—What's that?

ORSINI—I don't know.

MARJORIE—There must be someone there.

ORSINI—That is impossible.

MARJORIE—Go and see.

ORSINI—Of course.

(*He goes to his bedroom. As the portieres fall behind him, the shot of the Count's pistol is heard, followed by the sound of a body falling to the floor. Marjorie drops the bag she carried in her hand. She is terror stricken. She looks about wildly, not knowing what to do. At the end of a few seconds, another pistol shot is heard, followed by a piercing cry from Theresa. Then follows a dead silence. The second shot seems to have counteracted the effect of the first on Marjorie's nerves. With fixed resolution, she goes into the Count's bedroom. A moment later the entrance door opens and Arrazo enters. He notices the Count's coat and hat near the entry, together with Marjorie's coat and hat. He looks knowingly towards the Count's room. He also sees Marjorie's bag, which he picks up from the floor and places on the mantlepiece. He then goes noiselessly through the door at the right, to*

*the back of the apartment. A moment later Marjorie returns. She is manifestly under the stress of great nervous excitement. She goes to the telephone and takes down the receiver.*)

MARJORIE—Give me police headquarters, please. (*Pause.*) Is this police headquarters? (*Pause.*) Please send someone immediately to Count Orsini's apartment, 67 Elm Street. The Count Orsini has been murdered.

(*She hangs up the receiver, puts on her coat and hat hurriedly, and with a last glance toward the Count's room, she departs, closing the entry door behind her. She has left her bag on the mantlepiece.*)

(*The curtain falls momentarily to indicate the lapse of an hour. On the rise of the curtain, is discovered Arrazo in charge of two police officers.*)

ARRAZO—Gentlemen, I wish to explain something —there is something I wish to tell.

FIRST OFFICER—You are not to explain anything or tell anything or touch anything until the boss arrives. Then you can do all the explaining you want.

ARRAZO—Yes, gentlemen, thank you, gentlemen.

SECOND OFFICER—How did they happen to put Hopper on this job?

FIRST OFFICER—Chief said all our men were out, so he telephoned White's and they agreed to send

Hopper. (*Looking at watch.*) He should be here by this time.

Second Officer—New in these parts, ain't he?

First Officer—Yes, White's brought him here from New York. Best man White has, they say.

Second Officer—Ever seen much of him?

First Officer—Not much. Met him in that gas house case. Remember it, don't you? Well, he did the trick for the Gas Company there all right. (*The bell rings.*) That's him now.

(*The officer opens the door—Hopper enters.*)

Hopper—(*Taking off his coat, inquires in a perfectly matter-of-fact, business-like manner.*) Well what have we here?

First Officer—Bad mixup, Captain—man and woman shot in the next room—both dead when we got here, sir.

Hopper—Anything been moved since you arrived?

First Officer—Nothing, Captain—had orders not to.

Arrazo—Gentlemen, let me explain—I will tell you all—I will explain everything, gentlemen.

Hopper—Keep still—you'll have plenty of time to explain after I look about. Where are the bodies?

First Officer—(*Indicating.*) This room, Captain.

Hopper—All right—you stay here and keep your

eyes on this man. I'll take a look. (*He goes into the Count's room.*)

SECOND OFFICER—(*Quietly.*) Cool, ain't he?

FIRST OFFICER—(*Also quietly.*) Acts as if he was investigating a baby for stealing candy.

SECOND OFFICER—Wonder what he'll make out of it.

FIRST OFFICER—I'm glad I'm not in the shoes of this Dago here.

ARRAZO—Gentlemen—I did not do it—I am innocent—I will explain everything.

FIRST OFFICER—Shut up—you'll have more explaining to do than you'll want in a minute.

(*Hopper returns—he goes about the room with his hands behind his back—examining everything studiously.*)

HOPPER—(*To officer.*) How did you happen to to be sent here?

FIRST OFFICER—Some woman called headquarters—told the operator to send someone here at once as somebody had been murdered. Then she hung up the receiver. The operator traced the call back, and found it came from this telephone. We were here fifteen minutes afterwards.

HOPPER—What did you find?

FIRST OFFICER—We rang the bell—this man opened the door. Said he was the servant of Count Orsini, who lives here. Said his master was

out. We asked him if anything had happened. He said no. Up to that time he seemed rather cool. Then we told him we guessed we'd go through the place. Then he got excited and didn't want us to. We went through and found what you saw in there.

HOPPER—What did you do then?

FIRST OFFICER—Phoned headquarters and told them what we'd found. The chief said to do nothing but hold down the job until he sent someone from the detective force. Later he phoned and said you were coming.

HOPPER—Good. Was this man with you when you found the bodies?

FIRST OFFICER—Yes sir.

HOPPER—What did he say?

FIRST OFFICER—He put up an awful good bluff at being surprised. He took us both in, Captain.

HOPPER—Do you think it was a bluff?

FIRST OFFICER—Don't see any escape from it, Captain. He said he'd been here for half an hour, and those bodies were still warm. They couldn't have been dead that long.

HOPPER—What time did you arrive?

FIRST OFFICER—Five-twenty; (*looking at watch*) it's six thirty now.

HOPPER—Good—now we'll hear from this man. (*To Arrazo.*) What's your name?

ARRAZO—(*Excitedly throughout.*) Arrazo Fer-

ratti, gentlemen.

HOPPER—Did you ever see a man hung, Arrazo?

ARRAZO—(*Terrified.*) . No, no—Mio Dio—I do not like to see such thing. Ah, misericordia!

HOPPER—Then listen, Arrazo. You are going to be hung unless you tell me the truth. Do you understand.

ARRAZO—No, no—si, si—yes, yes—gentlemen—all I will tell. I tell you the truth. I tell you everything—tutto—tutto.

HOPPER—Good. Where have you been this afternoon, Arrazo?

ARRAZO—Gentlemen, I leave here at half past four. I go to my friend, Tony Ferranno's place. I drink there a glass of wine. He will tell you truly. Then I return.

HOPPER—What time did you return?

ARRAZO—I do not know the hour, gentlemen. I see not my watch. I am not long here when came these gentlemen.

HOPPER—Who was here when you left?

ARRAZO—The poor lady there in that room. She is here when I go.

HOPPER—Where was your master?

ARRAZO—I do not know, gentlemen—he was away.

HOPPER—When did he return?

ARRAZO—I do not know. I see him no more

until these gentlemen found him. Oh, Mio Dio!

HOPPER—What did you do when you returned?

ARRAZO—I go to my room—at the back of the house. There I was when these gentlemen arrive.

HOPPER—You came in through this door?

ARRAZO—Yes, gentlemen.

HOPPER—And when you came in you saw your master's coat and hat there by the door, didn't you?

ARRAZO—(*Surprised.*) Oh, but yes, gentlemen truly I saw that.

HOPPER—Then you knew that he had returned.

ARRAZO—Yes, gentlemen, that I knew.

HOPPER—Then why did you tell these men your master was out?

ARRAZO—Ah, Madonna mia—how can I know what have happened, gentlemen? I know my master was in his room. He will not wish to be disturbed by these gentlemen.

HOPPER—You did not know that anything had happened?

ARRAZO—No, gentlemen, no—per la Madonna—I know nothing, I swear.

HOPPER—Your master is the Count Rafaele Orsini?

ARRAZO—Yes, gentlemen.

HOPPER—And the woman in there was his mistress?

ARRAZO—Ah, yes, gentlemen—she was his friend

—la poveretta!

HOPPER—What was her name?

ARRAZO—Senora Theresa Lugioni.

HOPPER—What's that?

ARRAZO—Theresa Lugioni, gentlemen, si gentile, si buona.

HOPPER—Good God—his— Where does she live?

ARRAZO—She live at Grace Street, number 610.

HOPPER—With her mother?

ARRAZO—Yes, gentlemen.

HOPPER—And her mother's name is Theresa Lugioni?

ARRAZO—Yes, gentlemen—you know her—you see I speak always the truth.

HOPPER—Theresa was here frequently, was she not?

ARRAZO—She was here many times—yes, gentlemen.

HOPPER—Did they ever quarrel?

ARRAZO—Oh, mio Dio—nevair—nevair—so amabile—always kind together.

HOPPER—Then why did she shoot him?

ARRAZO—Senora shoot Don Orsini! Oh, no—nevair—nevair! Senora nevair shoot my poor master—no, no, gentlemen.

HOPPER—Then who did shoot him?

ARRAZO—Ah, it was another lady—a strange

lady, gentlemen. She was here with my master when I came. Ah, la cattiva!

HOPPER—What's that?

ARRAZO—When I came in, gentlemen, here on this chair I see the coat and hat of Signor il Conte, and here on this chair I see the coat and hat of a lady—it is strange—I have never before seen. I go to my room, and when these gentlemen come, the strange coat and hat are gone—the strange lady also have gone. It was the strange lady, gentlemen, who have killed Signor il Conte and Signora Theresa.

FIRST OFFICER—That might explain the telephone call, Captain.

HOPPER—Do you know who this other woman was, Arrazo?

ARRAZO—No, gentlemen, that I know not.

HOPPER—Was any other woman ever here before?

ARRAZO—No, gentlemen—only Signora Theresa.

HOPPER—Are you sure the coat and hat you saw did not belong to Theresa?

ARRAZO—No, no, gentlemen. The coat and hat of Signora Theresa are in there. And, gentlemen, another thing—now I remember. When I come, there was here on the floor a lady's bag. I pick it up and put it there on the mantel.

(*One of the officers goes to the mantelpiece and*

*produces the bag, which he hands to Hopper.*)

OFFICER—There's the bag, Captain.

ARRAZO—You see gentlemen, I speak always the truth—sempre—sempre. That is the bag of the strange lady—it was she who killed my master and the poor Signora.

(*Hopper examines the bag. He opens it and looks inside. As he does so, he utters an exclamation of unbounded astonishment. He takes out the contents of the bag, including among other things some calling cards. Then he puts the contents back into the bag and puts the bag into his pocket.*)

HOPPER—Gentlemen, the investigation is over for tonight. Let this man be kept in custody for the present. Have the bodies removed. Leave everything else exactly as it is. I must leave the details to you. There is another matter which requires my immediate attention. Good night.

ARRAZO—(*Muttering.*) Oh, cosa terribile—oh, maledetta—le poveri—si gentile—si amabile—si buoni! Oh, Santa Maria—pieta—pieta!

(*Hopper takes his departure. The curtain falls.*)

## *ACT III*

*Same scene as Act I—Later the same evening.*

(*Marjorie is sitting by the table with a book before her, which she is apparently reading at intervals. She is nervous and excited. The Governor enters.*)

GOVERNOR—Well, what has my little girl been doing today?

MARJORIE—(*Startled.*) Oh, nothing in particular. I took a long motor ride this morning.

GOVERNOR—Have you seen Bob today?

MARJORIE—No—I understand he telephoned while I was out.

GOVERNOR—Is he coming tonight?

MARJORIE—Not that I know of.

GOVERNOR—You are not feeling well, are you dear?

MARJORIE—Yes, Daddy—what makes you think I'm not?

GOVERNOR—You don't seem yourself exactly—and you scarcely ate a bite for dinner.

MARJORIE—I wasn't very hungry—but it's nothing—I'll be all right tomorrow.

GOVERNOR—Better go to bed early and have a good, long sleep.

MARJORIE—Yes, I shall.

(*Enter Jenkins.*)

JENKINS—Mr. Hopper is calling. Says it is very important for him to see you at once.

GOVERNOR—Oh, I don't want to see him tonight.

JENKINS—He seems very anxious to see you, sir.

GOVERNOR—Well, let him come in.

(*Exit Jenkins.*)

MARJORIE—Shall I go, Daddy?

GOVERNOR—Should you mind—he's a very timid man, and you might embarras him.

MARJORIE—I wouldn't do that for anything.

(*She rises to go. Hopper enters. Upon seeing Marjorie about to go, he pauses in front of the doorway.*)

GOVERNOR—My daughter—Mr. Hopper.

MARJORIE—Good evening, Mr. Hopper.. I was just going. Will you excuse me?

HOPPER—I am sorry. I came to tell you and your father something which I am sure will interest you both.

MARJORIE—What is it?

HOPPER—It concerns Count Orsini.

MARJORIE—(*Making an effort at self control.*) Yes.

HOPPER—(*Watching the effect of his words on Marjorie.*) He has met with a very serious accident, Miss Burton.

MARJORIE—O, what is it?

HOPPER—The fact is that Count Orsini was murdered this afternoon.

GOVERNOR—You can't mean it, Mr. Hopper.

HOPPER—(*With his eyes constantly on Marjorie.*) Yes, it was a very distressing affair. In fact a double murder, Governor.

MARJORIE—O, no!

GOVERNOR—What's that?

HOPPER—Yes. It seems there was a young Italian woman with Orsini in his apartment. They were both shot and killed there.

GOVERNOR—Good Heavens! Who did it?

HOPPER—(*After a pause and still watching Marjorie.*) An Italian named Arrazo Ferratti. He was Orsini's servant.

MARJORIE—(*Excited.*) How do you know?

HOPPER—Some of the neighbors heard the shots and telephoned the police. When they got there a few moments later, Arrazo was packing up some of his things, evidently preparing for a speedy flight. He was caught red-handed.

MARJORIE—But did he confess?

HOPPER—Well, one would hardly expect that. But during the course of the third degree I put him through, he told enough lies to convict him ten times over.

GOVERNOR—But what could have prompted him to do such a thing?

HOPPER—I'm not sure, Governor, but I've observed that an Italian shooting affray usually has a woman at the bottom of it. *Cherchez la femme,* as the French say. In this case, I fancy the servant was jealous of the master, for the shooting occurred in Orsini's bedroom.

GOVERNOR—No doubt you're right. It's lucky you caught him before he got away.

HOPPER—(*Still watching Marjorie.*) Yes, we caught him all right. And there isn't a doubt in the world but that he'll hang by the neck for what he did.

MARJORIE—(*Unable to control herself.*) No—he shan't—he didn't do it. I know he didn't do it.

GOVERNOR—Why, Marjorie—what do you mean?

MARJORIE—Oh, Daddy—I can't stand by and let this man die for something he didn't do. I know you wouldn't want me to do that.

HOPPER—It seems, Governor, that your daughter can throw some light on this affair. Of course, it is her duty to tell whatever she may know.

GOVERNOR—(*Reluctantly.*) Yes—tell us what you know, Marjorie.

MARJORIE—It was not the servant. It was that woman who shot Orsini, and, afterwards, she shot and killed herself.

GOVERNOR—But how do you know?

MARJORIE—Because I was there.

GOVERNOR—Good God, what were you doing there!

HOPPER—Let me ask a few questions, Governor, if you don't mind. Will you please tell us, Miss Burton, what led up to the shooting.

MARJORIE—There is not much to tell. Orsini and I were talking together in his living room. We neither of us knew that anyone else was in the apartment. We heard a noise in the next room. He went to see what it was. As he entered, a shot was fired and he fell. A moment later there was a second shot followed by a woman's scream. I went in and found them both dead.

HOPPER—You think that the woman shot Orsini and then herself?

MARJORIE—Yes.

HOPPER—She couldn't have done it, Miss Burton. She was shot in the temple and must have died instantly. The pistol, with which she was shot, was found on Orsini's dresser, ten feet away.

MARJORIE—Yes—I remember—I picked it up and put it there. I don't know why.

HOPPER—Not a very likely story, Miss Burton. Besides, when a jealous woman makes up her mind to shoot someone, she generally shoots her rival instead of herself.

GOVERNOR—What in hell are you driving at, Hopper?

HOPPER—I'm very sorry, Governor, but you can see for yourself how this thing stands. The motive of this murder was jealousy—that's perfectly plain. Your daughter and this other woman were both in Orsini's apartment. They were both in love with Orsini. Orsini and the other woman are shot, and the pistol is found in a position which indicates that the shooting was done by a third person. What's the inference?

MARJORIE—It's not true. I didn't do it—I had no reason to do it. I was *not* in love with Orsini.

HOPPER—Come, come, Miss Burton—you're only making things worse. A young woman in your position doesn't go alone with a man to his apartment if she's not in love with him.

MARJORIE—O, Daddy, Daddy, how terrible!

HOPPER—I am very much afraid, Governor that I shall have to report that it was your daughter who—

GOVERNOR—No, no, Hopper—you must be wrong. You are simply jumping at conclusions. You must take more time. A moment ago you were sure that it was Orsini's servant.

HOPPER—(*Smiling.*) You are wrong there, Governor. I knew all this before I came.

MARJORIE—How could you?

HOPPER—You see, Miss Burton, you left in somewhat of a hurry, and forgot to take your bag with

you (*showing her the bag.*) It has some of your calling cards in it.

GOVERNOR—Good heavens.

HOPPER—So you see, Governor, that I am quite prepared to conclude that it was your daughter who fired those shots.

GOVERNOR—I don't believe it, Hopper. It isn't true. It was that other woman.

HOPPER—(*Who from now on watches the Governor intently.*) Nevertheless, Governor, it was *your daughter* who fired those shots.

GOVERNOR—What do you mean?

HOPPER—You haven't asked who the other woman was, Governor. You remember you wanted me to find out for you. Have you lost your curiosity on that point?

GOVERNOR—Well?

HOPPER—It's a small world, Governor, for the fact is that the other woman was your other daughter, Theresa Lugioni.

GOVERNOR—That's an infernal lie. I have no other daughter. I know no one by that name.

HOPPER—I don't blame you, Governor. I'd protest too if I were in your place. But there's no use. You see *I know.*

GOVERNOR—I don't know what you are driving at, Hopper, but you're all wrong. You don't know what you're talking about.

HOPPER—No use, Governor. You see after this shooting, I went over and broke the news to Theresa Lugioni, the girl's mother. Of course, she was a bit excited and talked rather freely. Naturally she thinks it was your other daughter—Miss Burton here—who did the shooting. And she doesn't propose to have you shift the blame to your first daughter—*her* daughter—you see. Rather a delicate situation you find yourself in, eh Governor?

GOVERNOR—What sort of a hound are you, Hopper? Who are you, and what do you want in this house?

HOPPER—A very timely question, Governor. I'd better tell you. It may relieve the situation. The fact is, that I am in charge of the secret service department of the State Central Committee of the *opposite* political party. That committee would like to see a new governor elected this fall. And they would feel very much relieved if you were out of the race. Perhaps that's all I should say. Think it over. If you want to see me tomorrow, send for me before noon. Up to that time, I will keep this little complication to myself. Good night, Governor.

(*He goes. The Governor and Marjorie stare at each other, both too astonished for a moment to speak.*)

GOVERNOR—(*Finally.*) Good God, Marjorie,

what have you done?

MARJORIE—Oh, Daddy, I'm so sorry. But I didn't do what he says I did. You must believe I didn't.

GOVERNOR—Don't be a fool, Marjorie. I know you couldn't have done that. Hopper knows it, himself. But these devils have got me in a trap and are going to keep me there. That's the worst of it. And you're to blame for it, too. It all comes of your having made an insufferable fool of yourself.

MARJORIE—But, Daddy, I couldn't possibly have supposed that anything like this—

GOVERNOR—You had no business to go there—that's the point. What in heaven's name made you do such a thing?

MARJORIE—(*Coldly.*) I went there because I had nothing else to do—that's why.

GOVERNOR—Don't be impudent, Marjorie, and don't make a fool of yourself. What do you mean by that?

MARJORIE—Just what I said—I had nothing else to do. I was bored to extinction with my life. I wanted to change it, and to do something serious and worth while. You wouldn't let me—so I had to amuse myself as best I could.

GOVERNOR—You mean that you went alone with that man to his apartment merely to amuse yourself?

MARJORIE—Yes.

GOVERNOR—Were you not in love with him?

MARJORIE—No.

GOVERNOR—Good God, Marjorie—you put yourself on a level with a woman of the streets.

MARJORIE—(*With rising anger.*) You'd better not say that—you are not in a position to throw stones.

GOVERNOR—What's that?

MARJORIE—I say you are not in a position to throw stones at me, and I mean it. What happened today was no more my fault than yours. In fact it was much less my fault than yours.

GOVERNOR—I'll not permit you to say such things to me.

MARJORIE—I'll say whatever I think.

GOVERNOR—Then, I'll teach you discipline, you impudent— (*He strikes her in the face. Marjorie screams. Instantly the lights are extinguished, leaving the stage in utter darkness. A moment later the lights come on very gradually, disclosing a scene identical with that disclosed at the end of the first act. The Governor is asleep in his chair. Jane is across the table, seated under the lamp, reading. As the last lights come on, the Governor awakens with a start, from his dream.*)

GOVERNOR—Good God—where am I?

JANE—(*Putting aside her book.*) What's the

matter, John—are you ill?

GOVERNOR—No—I've had a frightful dream about Marjorie. I can scarcely believe it wasn't real.

JANE—Serves you right for going to sleep over my lecture.

GOVERNOR—You did lecture me to sleep, didn't you? I think that must have caused the trouble, for I dreamed of the very thing you were lecturing me about.

JANE—I hope your dream did you more good than my lecture.

GOVERNOR—Well, your lecture put me to sleep, but my dream gave me a very rude awakening.

JANE—Perhaps that is what you needed.

GOVERNOR—Perhaps it was. How long have I been asleep?

JANE—About two hours, I think.

GOVERNOR—Marjorie returned?

JANE—Not yet.

GOVERNOR—Heard anything from Bob?

JANE—No.

(*Bob enters.*)

BOB—Hello, Governor.

GOVERNOR—Speak of the devil—

BOB—I couldn't wait to be announced—I've bully news for you!

JANE—Politics?

BOB—Yes.

JANE—Then I'm off. I've heard enough to last me the rest of my life.

(*Exit Jane.*)

GOVERNOR—Well, Bob?

BOB—Wonderful news, Governor. Sounds like a detective play in four acts.

GOVERNOR—Let's have it.

BOB—Well, as I left the house, I happened to see Hopper board a car at the corner. I had my motor, so I followed the car and watched for Hopper to get off. I followed him to Jim Sullivan's house.

GOVERNOR—Then he must belong to Public Utilities.

BOB—Yes. That's the first curtain. Now for Act 2.

GOVERNOR—Go on.

BOB—Having seen Hopper go from here to Sullivan's house, I couldn't get away from the notion that Sullivan had something to do with that anonymous letter. Then I thought of Marjorie's detective work. It occurred to me that a month or so ago, Sullivan had written a letter to the District Attorney's office, relative to appearing as a witness before the grand jury. I went to the office and got the letter. Then I compared it with the anonymous letter which you received tonight. Well, what do you think?

GOVERNOR—Same typewriter?

BOB—Not the least doubt in the world. Second curtain.

GOVERNOR—Bravo! It becomes interesting.

BOB—Act three commenced with a period of meditation. Then by an industrious use of the telephone, I found out the name and telephone number of Sullivan's private secretary. Then I called her on the phone, and, pretending to be one of Sullivan's understrappers, I said that Mr. Sullivan wanted to know whether she had destroyed her shorthand notes of the letter Sullivan had dictated to the Governor. What do you think of that—eh, Governor?

GOVERNOR—Did it work?

BOB—Like a charm. Girl said the notes had been destroyed as Sullivan had directed. End of Act three. How do you like the play, Governor?

GOVERNOR—Great! Go on.

BOB—All right. Up goes the curtain—Act four—scene, Jim Sullivan's library. Present, the big boss in person. Enter the United States District Attorney. How's that for a setting?

GOVERNOR—Wonderful—what happened?

BOB—Well, I went in and put my cards face up on the table. There was no use trying to fool Sullivan. I couldn't have done it. He's too smart. Besides, I didn't have to. I just told him what I had and what I intended to do if he didn't keep his mouth shut.

GOVERNOR—What did you say you would do.

BOB—(*Smiling.*) I told him that, for the present, my knowledge about his correspondence was purely personal—not official. But I said that if anyone attempted to drag your personal affairs into this campaign, my friend, the United States District Attorney, would send him to the penitentiary for using the United States mails with intent to blackmail.

GOVERNOR—Good heavens, Bob, did you say that?

BOB—Of course, I did. And the big boss was so good that he positively fed from the hand.

GOVERNOR—You don't mean that he admitted writing the letter.

BOB—Of course not—he's too smart for that. But he said (*imitating Sullivan*) that he did not believe in making campaign issues out of personalities, and that he would throw the weight of his influence against any such attempt in the present campaign. That's all there is to it, Governor—you may forget all about that anonymous letter.

GOVERNOR—I can never thank you enough for this, Bob.

BOB—Stuff and nonsense. Don't thank me—thank Marjorie. She furnished the brains, and I merely did the rough work. That daughter of yours is wasting her talents, Governor. You should

let her study law, and watch for developments.

GOVERNOR—Are you serious, Bob?

BOB—Of course, I am.

GOVERNOR—You know those two have been working along that line—trying to get me to consent—but I have held back.

BOB—Why?

GOVERNOR—Because I was an old fossil, I suppose. But now, for some reason or other, I am beginning to see things in a different light.

BOB—You might as well come to it, Governor. You know women always have their own way in the end. And, when you have to give in, it's so much better to do it gracefully—as Sullivan did.

(*Enter Marjorie.*)

MARJORIE—Hello, Bob—so glad you stayed. Now let's talk some more about the letter.

BOB—No use, Marjorie. The detective work is all over, and you are the heroine of the day.

MARJORIE—What do you mean?

BOB—Tell her the story, Governor.

GOVERNOR—Well, as I understand it, Bob strongly suspected who wrote the letter, and you gave him a means of confirming his suspicions. He got another letter, known to have been written by the person suspected, and found by comparison that the two letters were written on the same machine. *Presto*—the discovery was made.

MARJORIE—Who was it?

BOB—Promise not to tell?

MARJORIE—Of course.

BOB—Jim Sullivan.

MARJORIE—You don't mean it. And, are you going to send him to prison, Bob?

BOB—Better than that, Marjorie.

MARJORIE—How?

BOB—I've had a talk with him, and—in a quiet way you understand—he's going to work for your father's re-election.

MARJORIE—Oh, bully—I could hug you, Bob. You're wonderful.

BOB—Not a bit of it, Marjorie. You are entitled to the credit for this discovery.

GOVERNOR—Well, I'll leave you two to talk it out. I'm going to the study for a moment, and then to bed. Good night, Marjorie.

MARJORIE—Good night, Dad.

(*She kisses him good night.*)

GOVERNOR—I've a secret to whisper to Bob before I go. Do you mind, Marjorie?

MARJORIE—I think you might tell me about it.

(*The Governor and Bob walk together to the door where they stop and whisper together for a moment. They are both laughing.*)

GOVERNOR—(*Leaving.*) Good night, Bob.

BOB—Good night, Governor.

GOVERNOR—(*Calling back to Marjorie.*) Do you want to know the secret, Marjorie?

MARJORIE—Yes.

GOVERNOR—Ask Bob.

(*The Governor has gone.*)

MARJORIE—Well, out with it, Bob.

BOB—The truth is the Governor and I have been talking about you.

MARJORIE—So it seems.

BOB—I was saying to the Governor that one having such keen talents as yours is wasting her time on anything short of a professional career.

MARJORIE—Don't laugh at me, Bob.

BOB—And the Governor quite agreed with me.

MARJORIE—Now I *know* you're laughing at me.

BOB—And I was making application for your services as a law clerk—with the understanding, of course, that you should have a partnership later on.

MARJORIE—Why are you teasing me this way?

BOB—And the Governor thought that there ought to be a partnership at once—a sort of preliminary partnership—you know.

MARJORIE—How silly!

BOB—And I quite agreed with him on the point. You see we are absolutely of one mind.

MARJORIE—Why are you telling me this, Bob?

BOB—Because it's true. Didn't you ask me this evening to use my influence to get your father to

consent to let you study law? Well, I've done it—that's all.

MARJORIE—Oh, Bob, I can't believe you.

BOB—Then go to the study and ask the Governor.

(*Without saying a word, she goes. A moment later she returns and goes to Bob, taking him by the lapels of his coat.*)

MARJORIE—(*Simply.*) It's true, Bob.

BOB—Of course it's true.

MARJORIE—And I am really going to do something with my life.

BOB—To work hard—

MARJORIE—To make myself worthy—

BOB—Then it's to be a partnership?

MARJORIE—Yes.

(*He kisses her forehead.*)

*CURTAIN*

# CAUGHT

*A Play in One Act*

## *CAST*

A MAN.

A BURGLAR.

# Caught

*Upon the rise of the curtain is diclosed a room in total darkness, except for the moonlight which shines through a window at the back of the stage on the right. A moment later, the form of a man is seen entering the room through the window. After he enters, he flashes an electric pocket lamp, by the aid of which he surveys the various objects contained in the room. The room is large, containing a table in the centre, and a number of comfortable chairs. There is a telephone on the table. There is also a chest of drawers, and a sideboard, and in a corner, a small safe about three feet high. In the other corner, on the left, is a bed in which a man lies asleep. With the occasional aid of the lamp, the intruder, who is evidently a burglar, goes through the chest of drawers and sideboard, then sits on the floor in front of the safe, which he tries to open. In doing this, he makes a slight noise, which awakens the man in bed.*

MAN—Who's there?

(*There is an absolute silence for a moment, after which the man in bed sits up and turns an electric switch, which illuminates the stage. Thereupon the burglar jumps to his feet and covers the man in bed*

*with his pistol.*)

BURGLAR—Don't make a noise, or I'll shoot.

MAN—Very well. I'm no fool. What do you want?

BURGLAR—I want money.

MAN—You've tackled the wrong place. This is no bank.

BURGLAR—We'll see about that—get up.

MAN—Very well, if you insist.

(*He gets up and steps into his slippers at the side of his bed.*)

MAN—I'll put on my bathrobe if you don't mind. It's a bit cool.

(*He reaches for his bathrobe, which hangs over the front of the bed.*)

BURGLAR—Wait a moment—back up.

(*Throughout the scene the burglar has kept the man covered with the pistol. The man backs away as directed. The burglar takes the bathrobe and feels the pockets. Then he tosses it to the man.*)

BURGLAR—All right—put it on.

(*The man puts on the bathrobe over his pajamas. He is evidently more comfortable.*)

MAN—(*Perfectly at ease and good humoredly.*) Well, what next?

BURGLAR—Open the safe.

MAN—So that's it. I see you've been through the rest of the furniture. Didn't you find anything

you wanted?

BURGLAR—No.

MAN—That's singular. It isn't so bad, you know.

BURGLAR—Open the safe—first pull down that window and shade.

MAN—Certainly.

(*He puts down the window and shade as directed, then throws a cushion on the floor in front of the safe and sits down on it preparatory to working the combination. The burglar is standing about fifteen feet away—pistol in hand.*)

MAN—(*Turning affably to Burglar.*) It may take me sometime to open it. I haven't tried it lately. Wont you sit down and make yourself comfortable. (*He motions to an easy chair.*)

BURGLAR—(*Thawing slightly and smiling.*) Don't care if I do.

(*He sits down, and for the first time, lowers the point of his pistol. The man works a while at the combination, then turns to the burglar.*)

MAN—(*Very good humoredly.*) Say, this is too good to keep to myself. Would you mind my telling you the joke before I open it.

BURGLAR—What's the matter—is it empty?

MAN—Not much; it's full of treasure—jewels, gold and silver; that's what makes it so funny.

BURGLAR—What's the joke.

MAN—It's this. I took out a burglar policy day before yesterday; didn't want it at all; agent literally forced it down my throat, and now, Oho, what luck!

BURGLAR—Humph! I aint such a bad fellow—am I?

MAN—Bad! I should say not. Wait until I tell you the rest of the story. You haven't heard the real point of the joke.

BURGLAR—(*Interested.*) Go on; let's have it.

MAN—You see—this junk in here—I got it from my aunt; she willed it to me when she died, and requested that I keep it to remember her by, and I've done it out of a sort of sentiment, although I've wished time and again that I could cash it in for what it was worth; and here's where I do it with a clear conscience. Oh, this is rich.

BURGLAR—What's the stuff worth?

MAN—Fully two thousand, I should say; at any rate, that's what the insurance company's going to pay for it. And say, old man, maybe you think I don't need the money.

BURGLAR—Humph! I'm glad to help you out.

MAN—You're doing it all right. I probably shouldn't have had the heart to sell this stuff, and wouldn't have gotten full value for it if I had; but now,—well, your visit is providential; that's all there is to it.

BURGLAR—Well, let's lamp the swag.

MAN—What's that? Oh, you mean you want to see it, of course.

(*He turns back to the safe and works the combination, then rises and opens the safe door.*)

BURGLAR—(*Rising.*) Now you stand over there while I see what's inside.

MAN—Oh, you don't trust me—after my feeling so friendly—that is unkind—you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

BURGLAR—Well, get it out yourself, but mind—don't try any tricks.

MAN—Certainly not. I have more interest in seeing you get safely away with this stuff than you have yourself. Sit over here by the table and I'll get it out for you.

(*The burglar, somewhat suspicious, takes a seat at the table facing the safe. He keeps a firm grip on his pistol.*)

MAN—Here's the whole outfit in a big box. (*Setting box down on the table in front of the burglar.*) Take off the lid and have a look at it.

(*The burglar cautiously takes off the lid and looks inside the box. Manifestly, from his looks, he is not disappointed in its contents. He puts in his hand and fingers the various articles caressingly.*)

BURGLAR—You was telling the truth—wasn't

you?

MAN—Of course I was; did you doubt it?

BURGLAR—I did at first, but now I guess you're on the square.

MAN—Certainly I'm on the square. What are you going to wrap that stuff up in.

BURGLAR—I don't know; what have you got?

MAN—(*Looking about.*) Let's see (*looks toward bed*) how would a pillow case do?

BURGLAR—Fine.

MAN—I'll get you one. (*Starts toward bed—is about to pick up a pillow.*)

BURGLAR—(*Remembers himself, rises hastily and points pistol.*) Here—come away from there; what's under that pillow?

MAN—(*Turning about.*) Now that *is* unkind—you are the most suspicious person I ever met. Come get your own pillow case.

(*Burglar goes and takes pillow from bed. There is nothing underneath.*)

BURGLAR—I beg your pardon. I thought—possibly—

MAN—I know what you thought—you thought I had a pistol under my pillow. Well, I haven't one about the place. If I had, I'd give it to you and let the insurance company pay me for it.

BURGLAR—I guess you *are* all right after all.

MAN—Of course I'm all right. Now take a look

in the safe to see that I haven't cheated you out of anything.

BURGLAR—(*Hesitates.*) I guess it's all right.

MAN—Don't take my word for it—look for yourself.

(*The burglar, rather ashamed of himself, goes and looks into the safe.*)

MAN—Did I get everything?

BURGLAR—It's all right.

MAN—Fine—now do up your stuff in your pillow case.

(*Burglar goes to table—transfers contents of box to pillow case.*)

MAN—(*Going to dresser.*) Here's a piece of cord to tie it up with.

BURGLAR—Thanks.

(*Burglar ties up package.*)

MAN—What else may I do for you?

BURGLAR—Thanks—I think that's about all.

MAN—You know—possibly I may have a little change in my trouser's pocket.

BURGLAR—I guess not— (*hesitates*) is that covered by your insurance?

MAN—Certainly—everything's covered.

BURGLAR—Then maybe I might as well take it along.

MAN—All right—I'll get it for you—it's in the closet.

(*He goes to the closet. The burglar says nothing but watches him suspiciously, still holding his pistol.*)

MAN—(*Returning from closet.*) Here you are —not much of it I fancy. Let's see (*counting money on table*)—twenty-five dollars and twenty-five cents. Better leave me the quarter to get downtown with in the morning.

BURGLAR—Sure—take what you want.

MAN—(*Taking quarter.*) Thanks awfully—this will be plenty, I'm sure. Now what else may I do for you?

BURGLAR—(*Pocketing money.*) Nothing at all —you've treated me white all right. I ain't exactly used to it. Makes me feel queer.

MAN—Nonsense—you're doing more for me than I am for you. Now before you go, what do you say to a bite to eat and a drop of drink. I don't know how you feel, but I'm hungry, and as thirsty as a camel.

BURGLAR—(*Thoroughly delighted.*) Blow me—you do treat a fellow white—don't mind if I do.

MAN—All right, come along to the ice box—bring your lamp and let's see what we can find.

(*They go out and presently return with a plate of cookies, a couple of siphon bottles and a bowl of ice, which they place on the table. The man then gets a decanter of whiskey from the sideboard which he also places on the table. They draw up a couple*

*of chairs and sit down. The burglar puts his pistol down on the edge of the table at his right, which is toward the audience.*)

MAN—I'm sorry I couldn't find more to eat. However, I have some extra fine old whiskey. Do you like Bourbon?

BURGLAR—Sure.

MAN—(*Preparing a rather stiff highball.*) Try this.

BURGLAR—Thanks.

MAN—(*Who has also prepared one for himself.*) Well—here's to your safe getaway.

BURGLAR—And here's hopin' you get your insurance money.

MAN—Good.

(*They both drink. The burglar consumes his highball to the last drop.*)

BURGLAR—(*Putting down glass.*) I was dry all right.

MAN—So was I—let's fill up.

(*He replenishes the highballs.*)

BURGLAR—That's fine liquor you've got.

MAN—Glad you like it—I'll give you a bottle to take along if you say so.

BURGLAR—Blow me now—honest—you're a brick.

MAN—Not a bit—charge it to the insurance company.

BURGLAR—Ha—ha—ha—that's a good joke—

ha—ha—

MAN—Have a cake on the insurance company.

BURGLAR—Ha—ha—sure.

(*He takes a cake and eats it—then takes a drink. Throughout the conversation which follows, the man and burglar continue to eat cakes and drink highballs. As soon as one highball is finished, the man promptly refills the empty glass.*)

MAN—Let me ask you—how long have you been following this profession of yours?

BURGLAR—All my life—off and on.

MAN—What do you do when you're off?

BURGLAR—Odd jobs—on the detective force at times.

MAN—Gad—that's pretty cool.

BURGLAR—Yes—you see it's a good experience—you learn how they play the game on the other side—then you get a good reputation that may come in handy.

MAN—I see—have you ever been caught?

BURGLAR—No—only the raw ginks are caught—them as don't know both sides of the game.

MAN—Then if you know both sides of the game, you can feel safe.

BURGLAR—Sure.

MAN—How did you happen to get into this particular line of business?

BURGLAR—Brought up in it as a boy, and never

learned anything else, except the detective business.

MAN—Do you like it—your profession I mean?

BURGLAR—Not much—I'd rather be a bank president all right. What's your business?

MAN—I practice law for a living.

BURGLAR—Lawyer eh,—well, I'd even rather be in your business than mine, if I had my way about it.

MAN—Thanks awfully.

BURGLAR—I don't know that I'd like it so well, but it's a damn sight safer.

MAN—Yes, that *is* an advantage.

BURGLAR—The trouble with me is I've never had any education. It takes education to make an honest living these days. I never had a fair chance.

MAN—Why don't you go back to the detective business? You can make an honest living at that.

BURGLAR—You don't know the detective business. Those fellows are the biggest crooks unhung. I'd rather make less money and be decent.

MAN—So you feel that your own business is more respectable than the detective business.

BURGLAR—I know it is.

MAN—Why?

BURGLAR—Detectives are not on the square. They're paid to do something, and they double-cross the men they get their pay from. As for me, I work for nobody. I'm paid by nobody. I don't pretend to be anything I'm not. I play my own game, and

make my own rules. I pick up a bit of swag when I can get it, and I take my chances on paying damn high for it. I fight a single-handed fight against all of you—with all your money, and your government, and your police, and your penitentiaries. It's my nerve and my wits against them all. Catch me if you can. That's all I've got to say.

MAN—By Gad, old man, I like you—I like your point of view—I wouldn't have missed this for anything. Have another cake.

(*He pushes the plate of cakes over toward the edge of the table on the burglar's left. He pushes it too far and it falls to the floor. The burglar reaches over to pick them up and instantly the man appropriates the pistol which lay at the burglar's right. When the burglar resumes a sitting posture, he finds himself confronted with the point of his own weapon.*)

MAN—Now the tables are turned—hands up.

BURGLAR—(*Surprisingly cool, and keeping his hands on the table.*) Never mind about my hands —you've got the bead on me all right.

MAN—Yes, and I'm going to keep it. And you're going to sit right where you are while I telephone for the police. This is the time you're caught.

(*The man reaches for the telephone which sits on the table.*)

BURGLAR—Wait a minute.

MAN—Why?

BURGLAR—If you turn me over to the police—what about this insurance?

MAN—Ha—that's a joke. There isn't any insurance. I invented that yarn to get your confidence. I knew if I could get your confidence I could get your pistol, and I did it.

BURGLAR—Say, you're a smart guy all right—I'd like to have a lawyer like you—we'd make a team.

MAN—Nothing doing,—now I'm going to call the police.

(*He pulls the telephone to him with his left hand, keeping the burglar covered with the pistol in his right.*)

BURGLAR—Wait a minute.

MAN—Nothing doing.

BURGLAR—(*Commanding.*) I tell you to wait a minute. Now listen to me. You're not going to call any police. What you are going to do is to call a taxi to take me away from here.

MAN—Gad, you're cool.

BURGLAR—Why shouldn't I be cool. You think you're a smart guy—don't you? Well, you're not half as smart as you think you are.

MAN—Why so?

BURGLAR—Because I took the cartridges out of that pistol when you were in the icebox. It aint

loaded.

MAN—You lie. I'm not to be fooled so easily as that.

BURGLAR—Do you want to know how to find out whether I'm lying.

MAN—Yes.

BURGLAR—Point that gun at my head and pull the trigger.

MAN—If you say so, I will.

BURGLAR—Go on.

(*The man points the pistol at the burglar's head. The burglar remains perfectly calm. There is a pause.*)

BURGLAR—Why don't you shoot?

MAN—(*Lowering point of pistol.*) I don't want to. But I must admit that you have nerve all right.

BURGLAR—I tell you it aint loaded. I distrusted you and your insurance story from the start. So I took out the cartridges and put the pistol within your reach to see what you'd do. Do you think I'd a been damn fool enough to leave it there if it was loaded? Now, I'm going to pack my kit and go.

(*He pushes back his chair and rises to his feet.*)

MAN—(*Pointing pistol.*) You take two steps and I'll shoot.

BURGLAR—(*Turning and walking away.*) Shoot ahead.

(*The man pulls the trigger. There is no report. The burglar turns immediately, and as he does so, he produces from his pocket, with marvelous rapidity, another pistol, with which he covers the man.*)

BURGLAR—I told you it wasn't loaded—but this one is. Now put that toy gun of yours on the table.

(*The man, whose courage has completely collapsed, obeys mechanically.*)

BURGLAR—Now back up.

(*The man obeys and the burglar reaches over and picks up and pockets the pistol.*)

BURGLAR—Now take that telephone and call Central 426. That's the taxi station at the corner. Give your name and address and say you want a taxi at once to send home a friend. And have them charge it to you.

MAN—I like your nerve—is your own gun loaded?

BURGLAR—Put your hands back of you. (*The man obeys.*) Now look into these cylinders. The bullets are almost sticking out. (*He points the pistol at the man's eyes about a foot from his face.*)

MAN—(*Nervous.*) I can see them all right. Back up. I'll call your taxi.

(*The burglar steps back. The man takes the phone and orders the taxi as directed.*)

BURGLAR—Thanks. Now, I've got a little job to do while I'm waiting for the taxi.

MAN—What is it?

BURGLAR—Give me another piece of that cord I used to tie up the swag. (*The man obeys.*) Now turn your back and give me your hands. (*The man obeys and the burglar ties his wrists together behind his back.*)

BURGLAR—Now, I think that closet would be a good place for you. Get in.

(*The burglar opens the closet door and the man goes in.*)

BURGLAR—If you don't mind, I'll take this coat and hat—it looks better than mine. (*He takes the man's overcoat and hat from the closet.*)

BURGLAR—Now no noise—do you understand?

(*He locks the man in the closet, takes out the key and tosses it under the bed. He then goes to the table and cuts the telephone cord with a knife which he takes from his pocket. He then takes another drink. As he finishes there is heard the honk of a taxicab. The burglar puts on the man's hat and overcoat, puts his own cap in his pocket, puts the package of jewelry under his coat, and departs through the door.*)

*CURTAIN*

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